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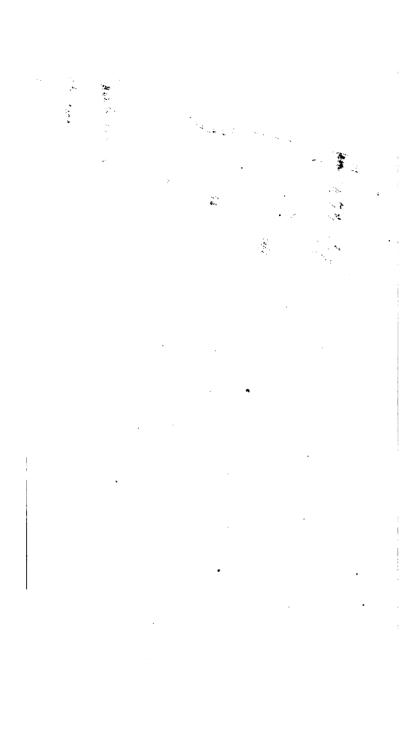
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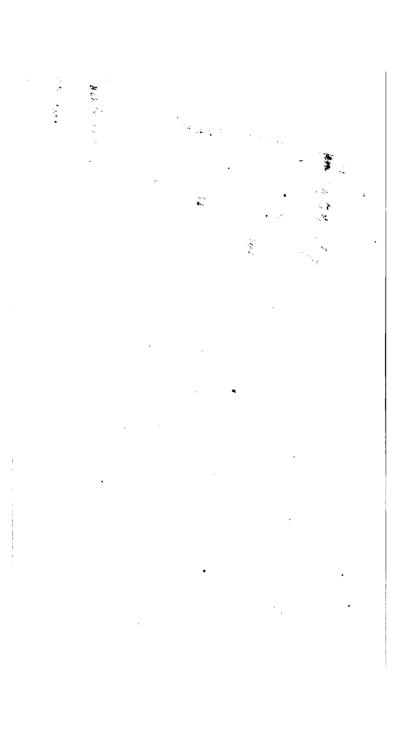
S.Mary Magdalene &Other Poems

WILFRID MENNELL

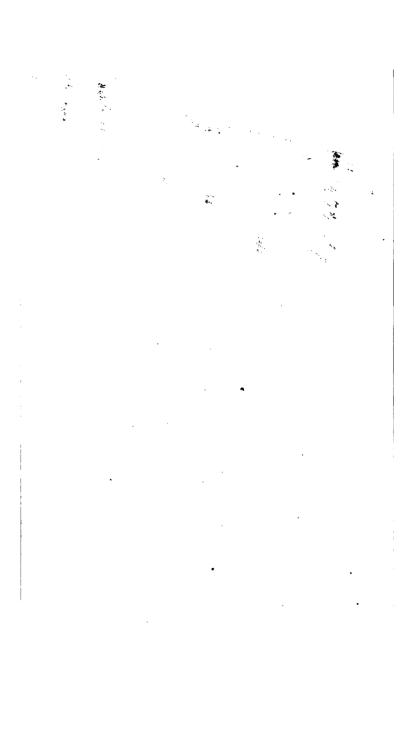




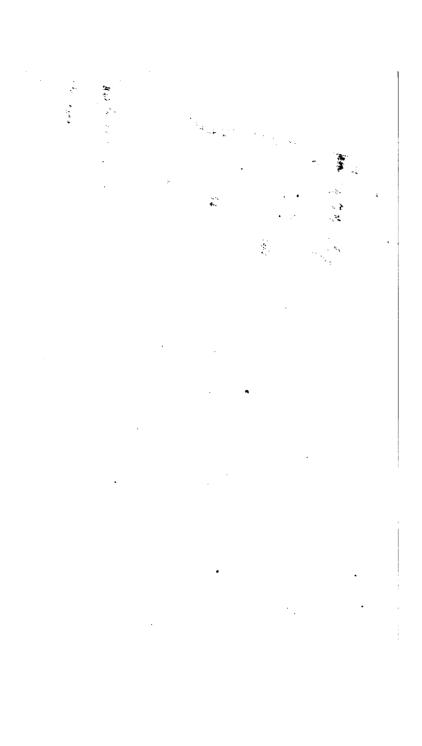




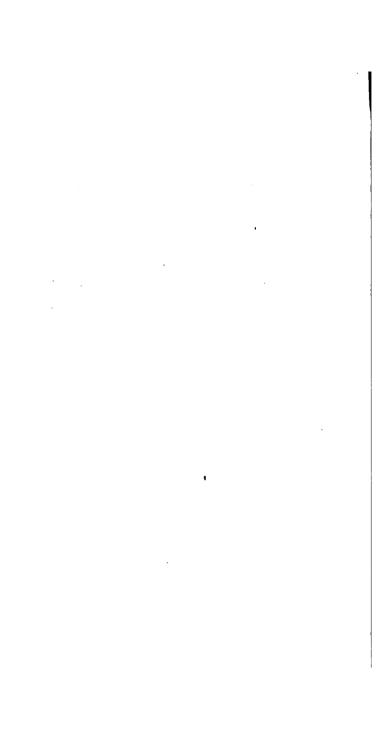












POEMS.

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8. Mary Magdalene

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Chiefly Lynical.



RV

WILFRID MENNELL.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1871.

280. n. 235.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: A. REID, PRINTING COURT BUILDINGS.

"The minstrel-lute! oh, touch it not,
Or weary destiny is thine!

Thy life a twilight's haunted dream—
Thou, victim at an idol's shrine.

* * * * * * * * *

It is to waste on careless bearts
The throbbing music of thine own;
To speak love's burning words, yet be
Alone—ay, utterly alone.

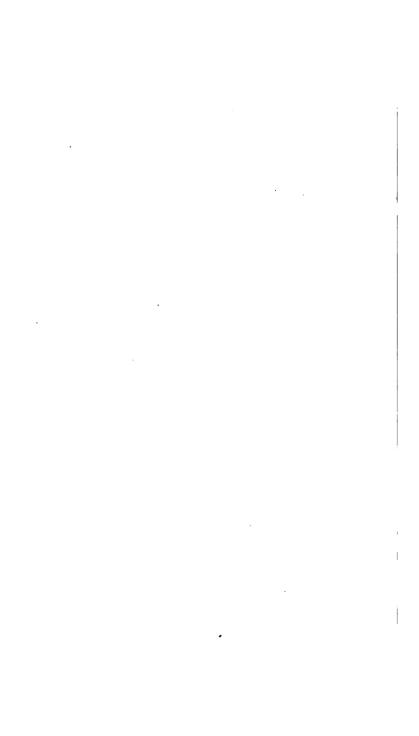
I sought to fling my laurel wreath
Away upon the Autumn wind:
In vain,—'twas like those poison'd crowns
Thou may'st not from the brow unbind.'

L. E. L.

Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover,

Who was not proud of his songs, but of the measureless ocean of love within him—and freely poured it forth.'

WALT WHITMAN.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FANNIE,

LADY WENTWORTH,

THE GRAND-DAUGHTER, BY MARRIAGE,

07

THE ILLUSTRIOUS BYRON;

And whose Beauty is as Matchless as was his Genius,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED.



Take, Lady, take this book of lays,

This book whose fairest fame,

Whose proudest, nay, whose only praise,

Is that it bears thy name.

Then take this book, a book replete
With faults most multiplied;
If aught there be by thee deemed sweet,
My labour has not died.

If sorrow e'er should spread its pall,
And darken thy young soul,
(For sorrow comes to one and all,
And will not brook control);

Or if in grief thy heart should pine,
(Can grief come nigh to thee?)
O take these idle songs of mine,
Unworthy though they be.

Turn o'er each light or passioned page
If verse o'er grief has sway,
If poet's prayers can care assuage,
Or charm life's woe away;

If each dear wish ascends above,
If answered is all prayer,
Thou shalt be glad, thou Child of Love,
And gay as thou art fair.

And o'er thy heart of hearts shall steal
That quiet and repose,
Which only purest breasts may feel,
And only goodness knows.

To Beauty such as thine, to Thee
These songs I dedicate;
Thus blest, I care not what, may be
The future of their fate.





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PREFACE.

THE following 'Weeds and wild-flowers' of poetry have rapidly, almost unconsciously, sprung up in the author's mind; and he has at length determined. not without considerable doubt and hesitation, to submit them to the public eye. He is, however, fully aware that to transplant these cherished flowers of his best affections, from the warm regions of his imagination, to the unsympathetic soil of the world's opinion, where so much that is altogether-beautiful perishes from neglect,-and where, if they are to live at all, they will have to live in the cold air of criticism and depreciatory comment, is, on his part, a very hazardous experiment, and perhaps an act of folly and presumption. He knows only too well that his verses are little likely to find favour with professional critics, or to attract even a small share of public attention; but if a very few shall find in these pages some portion of the sympathy and the encouragement (to mention not the rapture and the bliss) which the author himself has found in works not held in high esteem by the general public, then the little labour he may have undergone, and the few mortifications attendant on publication which he may yet have to undergo, will be held by him lighter than vanity, and will be much more than recompensed. With these few words of apology and explanation, which he can scarcely expect will disarm the acerbity of hostile criticism, the author presents his book, and, at the same time, unveils his heart to the reader, whose pardon he asks for its many errors and imperfections; as well as for his own presumption in making public these efforts, earnest if unsuccessful, to separate himself from the countless throng

'Who never sing But die with all their music in them.'

M.

October, 1870.



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POEMS.

S. MARY MAGDALENE.

I.

In the Christ-trodden land of Galilee,
On the shores of its blue and blessed sea,
The castle of Magdalon stood;
Here rich Syrus dwelt with his children three,
Young Lazarus, Mary the fair to see,
And Martha the prudently good.

O the fairest child that ever was seen,
Was the merry young Mary Magdalene,
With her long wavy golden hair,
And her tearless blue eyes; almost, I ween,
She might have vied with Beauty's radiant queen,
She was so all surpassing fair.

And though in childhood she was gay and wild, Yet ever in her eyes there gleamed a mild Sweet light, like to the eyes of saints; O who could dream that this so stainless child, Should in the sad hereafter be defiled, By damnèd sin's unholy taints.

Right well these twain young sisters did agree, And each the other loved most tenderly; Though grave Martha and gay Mary Were as unlike as sisters well could be; The one was restless, unconfined, and free, The other restrained and wary.

Thus in each peaceful night and joyous day, Right merrily their childhood passed away, And swift to them Time's angel flew; More careful still was Martha of her way, But Mary wilder yet, and yet more gay, As up to womanhood they grew.

And lo! it came to pass that Syrus died,
And dying, 'mongst his children did divide,
Much land and wealth and worldly store;
And Lazarus went to fight the king beside,
And Martha kept the law, and self denied,
But Mary erred yet more and more.

II.

Then Martha unto Mary said: 'Sister, 'twere better we were dead, Than that a heavy load of shame, Should thus be brought on our fair name. O, were our father Syrus here, Unto whom once thou wert so dear,-Who loved thee of his children best, And, in thine arms passed to his rest,— Say, sister say, what would he think, To see thee thus on ruin's brink? Or could our mother now behold The child she worshipped so of old, In broken voice, her heart would say 'Twas best that here she did not stay; And, loving all too much to scorn, Would curse the day when thou wast born!' Then Mary said: 'O say not so;
O add not to my load of woe;
E'en now 'tis more than I can bear,
And soon my heart shall break with care;
Then pity these poor feet that stray,
And lead them in thine own true way;
And hate me not, as I do hate
Myself, my life, and wretched state.
O love me, my own sister dear,
Love me while yet I linger here;
It is my fate that I should err!'

Then Martha, weeping, answered her:
'It needeth not that I should tell
How much I love thee, for right well
Thou knowest it; then weep not so,
But all thy secret sins forego,
And cease earth's vanities to know,
Then shalt thou find in fate no foe.
O dearest Mary, sister mine,
By every sacred rite and sign,
By my soul's instinct and by thine,
I pray of thee, and I implore,
That from sin's ways thou wilt withdraw,
And err against thyself no more!'

And even as she spake, there came
A Man,—they knew Him not by name;
And to the sisters long He spake,
In words that all the soul did wake;
He spake of God, He spake of love,
He told of worlds prepared above,
For the redeemed and holy dead,
Who over sin have triumphèd.
''Tis noble much,' He said, 'To tear

The heart from pride and sin; to stay All base desires; if to-day
Ye list to what God's voice doth say,
Nor hear alone, but swift obey,
And mend you of your evil way,
Learning to watch, and wait, and pray,
Lo, He will hearken to your prayer,
And take you to His charge and care;
Will lift you in His arms, and bear
You on, to brightest realms and fair.'

And Mary, while these words He said, Stood at one side and listened; But though she wept and stood apart, She stored the sayings in her heart; And listened to His words so high, With throbbing breast, and tearful eye; Yet knew not what her feelings were, Nor that 'twas Christ who spake with her; And ere He went upon his way, Her heart was changed who went astray.

III.

Full oft a barque by tempest tost, And dashed by wave, and torn by blast, And wholly given up for lost, Entereth safe the port at last.

And on life's ocean, vast, and wide, Full oft a barque with broken mast And drifted by each wayward tide Securely gains the port at last.

And oft a heart undone by care,— Haunted by phantoms of the past, And filled with fear, and sin's despair, Is clad in robes of God at last.

IV.

Some days had passed since that blest hour When first to Mary's throbbing heart, The Spirit had revealed its power, And played a sweet and subtle part.

She was not happy, for as yet Her many sins were unforgiven; And by remorse, and by regret, Her secret soul was sorely riven.

Nor could she rightly understand The influence that o'ercame her soul; Yet clasped the unseen Spirit's hand, And yielded all to its control.

On His sweet words she loved to brood, And pondered o'er them day by day; Yet oft in weary solitude, Sad words like these her lips would say:—

'To look upon the past,—see phantoms rise, And light upon your path with mocking air; To hear their fiendish laugh, their jeering cries, Taunting you with past pleasures that were fair;

To mingle in compare
With those past days, the present's dark despair,
O this is bitter and most hard to bear,

O this is weary!'

'To peer into the future, and to see Nothing but dreary darkness, and dread night; To have no hope in years that yet must be,—
No hope of aught save conflict and hard fight;
And nought to meet the sight
Save desolation, dreariness, and blight,—
This is no easy yoke, no burden light,—
But more than weary!'

v.

It came to pass, at Simon's house
The Master sat at meat;
And Mary came, and with her tears
She washed His holy feet;
And wiped them with her golden hair,
So long and wonderfully fair.

With costly ointment did anoint
The Saviour's feet and head;
And when He saw her sorrow's love,
He looked on her, and said:—
'The sins by which thy heart is riven,
Now and for-ever are forgiven.'

Then one of them who stood and saw, Cried, 'Why this needless waste? The spikenard should be sold, and to The poor's account be placed!' Not that he wished the poor's relief, But kept the bag, and was a thief.

'The poor with you, ye have alway,
But Me ye have not so;
A little while on earth I stay,
Then to My Father go!'
And Mary rose, all free from taint,
A sinner once, but now a saint.

VI.

Hail, hail, all hail,
No longer frail;
Thou patron saint
Of such as go astray;
To thee all hail,
Who bid'st them mend their way,
And not to faint!

Mary, to thee
O what would be,
Human revile,
Or hypocrite's rebuke?
I think I see
Thee on them cast a look
Of scorn, and smile.

He, the adored
And only Lord,
Forgave thy sin
And took thee to His breast;
Thou heard'st His word:—
'Come, I will give thee rest,
O welcome in!'

On thee with frown
Vile man looked down;
But the God-born
Regarded thee with love;
Thou had'st but flown
Away, like some caged dove,
Back to be borne.

Then ye who stray Far from your way, Fail not, nor faint; But aye remember her, Who went astray, And who, though she did err, Is now a saint.

VII.

'Lazarus sleepeth; let us go to him!'
Jesus to His disciples saith;
They answer: 'Sleep hath power all woe to quell,
So if he sleep he shall do well!'
Not knowing that his sleep was death.

And when the Lord drew nigh unto the grave,
Mary came forth to Him, and cried
With grief's reproach: 'Lord if thou had'st been
here,
He whom we justly held so dear,
Thy friend, our brother had not died!'

And when He saw her grief, His soul was moved; And lo! He wept, the Master wept, O wept the tears of broken friendship's woe; And in His grief, He bade them show The grave where Lazarus now slept.

And Jesus prayed, and in His spirit sighed; Then bending o'er the four days' tomb, In a loud voice 'Come forth, come forth!' He cried; And forth came Lazarus, in pride, Yea forth he came in manhood's bloom.

Then they that stood around were all amazed; And Mary wept with gladdest joy; And some believed; but some were filled with hate, And for the Lord did lie in wait, That His dear life they might destroy.

VIII.

O'er the grave where Lazarus slept, Which by a mighty stone was kept; Christ Jesus stood and o'er him wept; O how He loved him!

And as fleet time has onward sped,
Tears like to these have oft been shed,
While breaking hearts 'mid sobs have said:
O how we loved him!

There were a father and a son,
Whose hearts indeed were but as one;
The sire loved the boy as none
Had loved before him.

But sickness came upon the child, Until in death's embrace he smiled; O then the father's tears so wild, Told how he loved him!

In boyhood's days there were two friends; They knew that sympathy which blends Twain bosoms into one, and tends To passionate love.

But soon the elder of the two, Cold and stern to the other grew; O then that young and pure heart knew The mystery of love. He faded like the flower misplaced, But on his tombstone whitely chaste, In boyish hand it hath been traced:

'O how he loved him!'

TX

Cold mist and darkness were spread o'er the plain. And the temple's proud veil was rent in twain: An emblem of what should hereafter be; 'O, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Cried the only Son from the cruel cross; Whose death, to mankind the greatest of gain, To Magdalene seemed the utterest loss. Fast weeping she stood at the Virgin's side, To catch a last look at the Lord Who died: And John, the beloved disciple, was there, With his pensive eyes and his long light hair, Whom Mary had loved with strength and with truth, And all the zest of her purified youth; But their love was balked by heavenly fate, Destined was each for a perfecter state. And now in this dread and awful hour, When yielded Christ to the cross's power, She leaned for aid on his love-laden breast. And most they suffered who had loved Him best!

X.

The evening winds blew bleak and cold, And over the earth drear darkness crept; But Mary's heart was fond and bold, And still at the grave she stood and wept.

To their homes the others were gone, All around her in peace the world slept; Her night-watch she kept all alone, And for-ever she bitterly wept.

Throughout the long hours of night, She her guard o'er the sepulchre kept, And still at break of morning's light, Weeping she watched, and watching she wept.

XI.

'They have taken away my Lord,' In an agony Magdalene said; 'They have taken away my Lord, And I know not where Him they have laid!'

'Mary,' a voice behind her cried; At that dear voice how her heart did beat! 'Master!' her inmost soul replied, Uttered 'Raboni!'—kissing his feet.

XII.

'Heaven and earth in Me are blended,
Into hell I have descended;
Touch me not!
All my struggles now are ended,
But not yet I have ascended;
Noli me
Tangere!

O, I have known all agony,
But quickly now the end draws nigh;
Touch me not!
To your God and Father—to My
God and Father now ascend I;
Noli me
Tangere!

O I have drunk the cup of earth,
Have known its bitterness and dearth;
Touch me not!
Have undergone man's life and birth.
Can understand his pain, his mirth;
Noli me
Tangere!

And now I leave this scene of woe—
O that it ever should be so!
Touch me not!
To My loved Father soon I go;
Say woman, why do thy tears flow?
Noli me
Tangere!

XIII.

When re-ascended had the Son, His task complete, His purpose done, Lo! those whom He on earth had left, Who of His presence were bereft, And who for ever mourned His loss, And bore for His name's sake the cross, Were subject to much cruel scorn, And ceased not day and night to mourn. And some were put to death by sword, Some shared the fate of their dear Lord, And some were driven from the land By persecution's ruthless hand. And then—O climax of all woes! These foes of God and man uprose. And in a frail and fragile boat, Upon the sea they set affoat, Mary the sainted child of shame, Martha her sister, free from blame,

And Lazarus, and more beside; Who far were drifted by the tide, And buffeted by wind and wave; And surely had they found a grave, Had not their Lord, now glorified, Sent angels down their boat to guide. And so at last they came to land. Where disembarked the little band, Amid rude heathers, who did bow To earthborn idols, and who now Refused these pilgrims drink or meat, Or land whereon to set their feet. Or e'en their blessèd words to hear; Till Mary's voice so sweet and clear, A hearing, and their hearts did win; So that they straightway turned from sin. Then Lazarus of sainted fame, First Bishop of Marseilles became. This done, and all life's toil gone through. With nought still left to dare or do, Saint Mary went to dwell apart, And held communion with her heart, And underwent long penance sore, Her early sins and follies for; And all alone did watch and pray While passed the weary years away. And so her spirit freed at last, From earth, mid songs of scraphs, passed.

XIV.

What is it that this hermit sayeth?
O, he has seen a wondrous sight;
For there, where Mary ever prayeth,
A band of angels did alight,

And on their golden wings they bore Mary—a sinner now no more!

O list ye to yon hermit's story!
He saith he saw fall on her head,
A circling mist of golden glory,
That all around bright lustre shed;
And as she mounted up aloft,
He heard rich music, sweet and soft.

And more than this yon hermit telleth; He saw the portals ope on high, That lead to where the Godhead dwelleth, And where the saints for-ever cry; And saw them Mary welcoming, And heard their seraph voices sing:

XV.

'Welcome, welcome, welcome, Earthly pilgrim fair, O welcome, O welcome, To these regions rare; Thou art more than welcome, All our bliss to share, No more toil for thee, No more penance sore; Thou from earth art free, And grief and fears, And sighs and tears, Are past and o'er, Are past for ever more! We saw thee weep, And we heard thy sighs, Thy sorrow deep,

Brought tears to our eyes;
And oft we wept
As past we swept,
And heard thy cries.
But now at last,
Thy grief is past,
And ne'er again
Thou shalt feel pain;
Nor ever know
A shade of woe.

Then welcome, O welcome
To endless rest,
And welcome, O welcome

To Christ's dear breast;
Thou art welcome to be blest!

Now and ever more
Thou shalt cry and sing
To Him whom we adore,
To our eternal King;
Thy lips sweet praise shall pour
Till the whole heavens ring
With echos that shall bring
More souls to our fair shore.
See, He calleth for thee,
Swift to His bosom fly,
Sinless and glad to be,
Through all eternity!
Mary, to Him draw nigh!'

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

No spirit, howe'er desolate,
Need stem life's tide,
Without a guide,
Or build its nest without a mate.

There is no life, however frail,
But can impart
Joy to some heart,
And strengthen the weak knees that fail.

There is no breast, howe'er deprest,
That cannot find
Some shelter kind,
Some foretaste of its lasting rest.

There is no heart so full of care
That may not know
Surcease from woe;
For sorrow's seeds oft gladness bear.

And they whom hopeless love most tore,
May rest from pain,
And love again,
With love more ardent than before.

And hearts most utterly undone
Shall soon forget
Lost love's regret,
And in life's race most gaily run.

And hearts and homes by death bereft Of one most dear, Shall yet make cheer, And learn still more to love those left.

And many that be brought by death
Nigh to the tomb,
Renew their bloom,
And breathe a warmer, purer breath.

O, nursed by love is every heart;
Each beat doth make
Loud echoes wake;
Each start doth make some others start.

And every lorn and weary beat
Shall echo forth,
East, west, south, north,
And other hearts its wail repeat.

For life may never live alone;
Each forms but part
Of earth's whole heart,
And all the rest beat with our own.

Therefore, O ye most desolate,
Be not downcast,
Nor blame the past,
Nor be ye jealous of your fate.

And, therefore, O ye broken-hearted,
Be of good cheer,
And know not fear,
For care and ye shall yet be parted.

And, therefore, ye that feel your strength
Ebb fast away,
Know not dismay,
For rescue shall be your's at length.

And, O ye souls that face sin's blast,
Be sure of this,
That perfect bliss
Shall crown your weariness at last.

At last! O when we meet at last
For the long while,
Then we shall smile
At all the trouble of the past.

WHY DO I WRITE?

Swift unto morn the hours of darkness hied,
And still o'er my scroll I did pore,
When me-thought a figure approached, and cried:
'Is it fame you are writing for?'

Laughing, I cried: 'Not fame, O no, not fame!'
'Then is it for the good of men?'
'For that I cannot hope.' 'Then if for name
'Tis not, nor good, what is it then?'

'Well, largely 'tis for my own pleasure's sake; My heart it soothes thus forth to pour Its passion and its pain; the joys that make It glad, the griefs that make it sore.

But though of pleasure, thus I guilty plead,
This of the reason is but part;
'Tis most of all that two dear eyes may read
My songs, and in them read my heart.'

DOST THOU LOVE ME?

Dearest, I sit at thy feet, Rest my head on thy knee, Can hear thy loving heart beat, As it bends above me; And I look up in thy face, To search for even one trace, That shall say: 'I love thee!'

O dear one, O child of grace, Let me twine thy long hair, Let me draw to mine thy face, Let me feel thou art fair; Let my eyes look into thine, And let thy eyes question mine, And O list to love's prayer!

Say, dearest, dost thou love me, With love from passion clear? Say, am I as dear to thee, As thou to me art dear? In thee shall I ever find, A being true, fond, and kind? May I ask without fear? Darling, press thy face nearer, Rest thy heart upon mine; Tell me—are there hearts dearer, Than is mine unto thine? Ah, dost thou but ensnare me, Or for the love I bear thee, Would'st thou all else resign?

For thee, dearest, I would die;
O wouldst thou die for me?
Kiss me once ere thou reply,
'This kiss the last may be!'
Her young lips with love grew red;
'Thou wouldst die for me,' she said,
'But I would live for thee.'

THE RESTLESS SPIRIT.

Hope hath no place within my heart, Each dreary day new care doth bring; But now the arrow and the dart Have well nigh lost their power to sting,— My soul is hardened to the smart, By long, sad years of sorrowing.

Wayward and wild, I have no thought, Common to those 'mongst whom I move; Not taught as other men are taught; Longing low things to rise above; Compelled to cherish hate, yet fraught With passionate desire to love. If ever I have found a friend Or lover, on whose faithful breast, I might repose; whose soul could lend To mine, some sympathy, or rest, Such have I cherished to the end, Making myself for them unblest.

But I have found that friends grow cold; And fondest lovers soon will spurn; That in best hearts, lusts uncontrolled, With fiercest flames of hell do burn; Throughout the world, 'mid young and old, In search of one true friend I turn.

I am alone; for me e'en sleep, Hath lost her charm; in stillest night I wander forth; and with the deep Hold sweet communion; by the light Of moon, I see the night-winds creep Nor tremble at the dreary sight.

Yet though I view all things below,
With throbbing heart, and tearful eye,
Longing to be at rest: and though
My soul is steeped in agony,
And crushed with fear, and doubt, and woe,
Yet still I dare not—can not die.

LINES.

(To H. E. C.)

Sweet, ever thought of friend, as days go by, I think I grow to love you more and more; The waves of our long friendship always high, Have lately risen above the sterile shore Of my fast beating heart, leaving no place Untouched; no single part where it is dry. And yet it is a long and weary while, Since I have heard your voice, or seen your face, Or claspt your hand, or met your love-lit smile-That smile which every ill away can chase. What matters it? It were a bitter thing If we could only love those friends we see; Could only sorrow with their sorrowing, And only gladden with their heart's glad spring When we were nigh to them. O what to thee And me, are time and distance? On Love's wing All things, all thoughts, all wishes swift can fly; For love can do great wonders, and can bring The farthest spirits to their loves most nigh. And we have need of love; so very cold, And callous-hearted is the dreary earth: Each breast doth so much selfishness enfold. That each is blind unto the other's worth; And what with base desires, and greed for gold, There is of pity and of love great dearth; Yea, love is shamed, and hearts are bought and sold, And might is oft 'gainst truth and right enrolled. But O not yet, not yet is love out-run; A few still own its sweet and magic sway,

A few refuse to deem its reign yet done, Its happy, golden rule yet passed away. And of this number, you, dear friend are one, Who still rejoice Love's precepts to obey; And if I still remain to my heart true, (And that I may do so, let us oft pray,) O then will you and I, and I and you, Walk hand in hand life's barren garden through. Our bond of love, I think, need never break: It is so sweet and firm, that naught can wake Us from the darling dream; it is so strong That it could bear to suffer oft and long. Our love is like to woman's; is as sweet As their's, yea sweeter, and as firm and fond; We know not its restraint, that irksome is When kept to, yet so sweet when gone beyond; Ah yes, my friend, our love is all replete With woman's love's sweet tenderness and bliss; And we do keep its sweets, but leave behind Its doubt, its fear, and mutability, Its pain, its languor, and inconstancy, And all those things wherein it is unkind. O may our love for-ever firmly stand; Then we shall cross death's stream claspt hand in hand.

Ah, cross together into Love's own land!

SOME OF THE LONGINGS OF YOUTH.

O longings longed for longingly, Unspeakable longings of youth! Longing at times to die; Longing at times to lie Upon the tender breast of truth!

O yearnings inarticulate,
For a purer life and higher;
For a diviner state
From envy free, and hate;
For pow'r to quench lust's long desire!

Yearnings and burnings for a friend,
For a true and trusting lover,
With whom the heart should blend
From life-start to life-end,
Sticking closer than a brother!

Ardent unspeakable longings, Yearnings not easily down-prest! A longing for the wings Of the bright bird that sings, 'To fly away and be at rest!'

To mount above the earth O far;
To cleave the highest heaven of air,
To see what things there are
In each bright orb and star;
To seek our lost Belovèds there!

Longings unspeakable and sad,
To bring back youth that ever errs;
Deeming that it were glad
And well, if we had had
Existence in some bygone years!

O would we had lived in the land, When Shelley dwelt here in his woe; Could have taken his hand, And said: 'We understand Thy spirit; care not for the low!'

O had these weary tear-stained eyes E'en once the matchless Byron seen; Whose name alone defies All base-born calumnies, How more than happy we had been!

Then we had known him to be wise,
Had bound true wreaths around his brow;
Ah, then we should despise
Base men's unfounded lies,
More utterly than we do now!

O that we too, had taken part
In that renowned and noble strife,
Where, Spirit now who art,
Thou gav'st thy strength and heart,
And laid on freedom's shrine thy life!

Thy life! methinks that it would rise,
Where nevermore 'twould be distrest,
Above the starry skies,
Where the red record lies,
There takest thou thy lasting rest.

Yearnings the secret heart within,
Visions of youth's sweet, fleeting years!
Longing her love to win,
Lovely and free from sin,
Whose very gaze to madness stirs!

Yearnings for sympathy and rest,
For friendship and undying love;
For a fond faithful breast
To lie on and be blest;
For aid when 'gainst ourselves we strove!

Yearnings to do true, noble deeds,
To fill some high, exalted place;
To root the world of weeds,
To sow fair flower seeds;
And raise the standard of our race!

Longing to be accounted great,
To win the golden fruit of fame;
To gain love's high estate,
To fight and conquer fate;
To make an everlasting name!

O yearnings restless, void, and vain!
Think ye by longing ye can raise
Old hopes and fears again,
Past pleasure and past pain;
That ye can thus bring back old days?

Ah no; 'tis vain to long for aught
That fate or circumstance denies;
For fate will not be taught,
Nor destiny be bought
Over, with multitude of sighs!

THE DESERTED HEART.

Her cheek was pale; her eyes so fair, Were fixed blindly on the ground; The bands had burst that bound her hair, Which streamed her swan-like neck around; And she leaned her beautiful head. On her yet more beautiful hand, And o'er her face cold palor spread, As clouds o'erspread the land,

The darkened land.

Then burning tears fell one by one; In her hands she buried her face; O pitiless world, are there none, That from hence her sorrow can chase? Sweet Beautiful, why dost thou weep, For the living or for the dead? O sympathy art thou asleep?

Where, O love, art thou fled? Tell me where fled!

Alas, it is love, it is love, That thus o'er her heart hath spread blight, That a net around her hath wove, And darkened a heart that was light. For love to her was bitter woe, And love to her was misery; Its peace, its bliss she did not know; She loved and longed to die, And prayed to die!

Perfect and pure was all her love; For just as perfect love she pined; Against the world's unfaith she strove,
And sought for what she ne'er could find.
Alas, alas! once, once she thought
(And O, to her that thought was bliss);
That she had found the love she sought;
Ah me, to end in this,
In woe like this!

Who is it talks of woman's lie, Of woman's faithlessness and shame, Of woman's craft and subtlety, And of her friendship's feeble flame? Who says that she will soon forsake, If weeds should spring around love's feet? Or that 'tis her delight to break

> The heart she made to beat, With love to beat?

O Beautiful, O Sorrowful,
Who weepest so wildly and long,
O thou, who hast drunk to the full,
Of man's vile treachery and wrong,
Thou a far other tale could'st tell;
Thou trusted and thou wert deceived;
He told thee that he loved thee well;
He lied, but thou believed,
In faith believed.

He loved thee not, he suffers not,
The shame and woe is thine alone;
Thy life is all undone—but what
Cares he? Thy love he doth disown.
O, faithless is man's heart at best,
O false and hollow is his love!
Then why did'st thou stray from thy nest,
O thou young foolish dove,
Poor wounded dove?

NOT IN YOUTH'S FAIR BLOOM.

Not in youth's fair bloom, Dwelleth perfect gladness; Nor within the gloom O'er-hanging the tomb, Wails bitterest sadness. Unto headstrong youth, Succeedeth placid age; Death is kind and ruth, Leading us to truth, And will all care assuage.

Not in fiery hope,
Is life's most vital spark;
Nor upon the slope,
Where the heart-sick grope,
Is night most drear and dark.
For hopes the most bright,
Blossom only to die;
And in blackest night,
One faint gleam of light,
Catcheth the wanderer's eye.

Not when death-knells ring, Should hearts know greatest care; And not in glad spring, When grief taketh wing, Is life's garden most fair. For the knell but calls, Some weary worn heart home; Spring, summer installs; And the blossom falls, That the fruitage may come.

THERE IS A LOVE.

(To H.C. accompanied by some Lilies.)

There is a love—
There is a love so true and right,
It ne'er could suffer harm nor blight
By jealous hate or envy's spite;
And lilies are its emblem!

There is a love,—
There is a love so pure and sweet,
The vilest aims it could defeat,
The coldest heart could make to beat;
And lilies are its emblem!

There is a love
Can quell the tumult of the breast;
Can give to man the sweetest rest,
And make his life to be most blest;
And lilies are its emblem!

There is a love
Worthy a fairer type than dove;
A true, a pure, a perfect love,
One in earth and heaven above;
And lilies are its emblem!

BORROWED THOUGHTS.

'WORTHY OF DEATH, BUT NOT UNWORTHY OF LOVE!'

From N. Hawthorne.

If we saw the hearts of them that err,
If we knew how they wept, how they toiled, how
they strove,
O, I think we should say, though they were
Worthy of death, they were not unworthy of love!

If we knew all their passion and pain, All the woe that assailed them below and above, We should own without falsehood or feign, We should own amid tears they were worthy of love

If we saw their bare feet tread the way, Our compassion all pride and all hate would unmove; And, in spite of the world, we should say, Most unworthy of death, but O, worthy of love!

'BITTER IS THE EAST WIND'S BLAST!'

From Disraeli.

Ah! bitter is the east wind's blast,
Bitter the winter chill;
But O the thought of pleasures past,
Is yet more bitter still.

And bitter are the pangs of pride,
Bitter a traitor's kiss;
But O the love our hearts must hide,
Is bitterer than this.

O bitter is a brother's hate, Bitter a sister's scorn; And bitter, bitter is the fate Of those to hardship born.

And bitter 'tis to hate our life, And curse our very breath; Bitter indeed a lover's strife, Bitter a first-born's death.

'Tis bitter on a worthless aim,
Our strength and youth to fritter;
And manhood without love and fame,
Is bitter, doubly bitter.

THE FIVE WISHES.

From L. E. L.

They sat upon the terrace, On that lovely night in June; Each gazed on the loved-one's face, As seen by the light of moon, By the silver light of moon.

'Let each of us tell aright,'
Said Henrietta gaily,
'If we each might choose to night,
Our future and destiny,
What the choice of each would be.

'The example I will set;
And with frankness do confess,
I would wish to be beset,
With praise of my loveliness,
With admiration's caress.'

Then Walter sighing said:—'Fame, Lasting fame is my desire; A charm and power to flame Man's worthier thoughts to fire, With the breathings of my lyre.'

'And I,' young Lavinia cried,
'My home in London would fix;
And I would visit and ride
In a stately coach and six,
And with the Court ladies mix.'

'To be loved,' fair Ethel sighed,
'Is my one, my dearest choice;'
'And, O, mine to love!' replied
A low yet a manly voice.
May they each obtain their choice!

'GOD HELP THE POOR!'

Bamford.

'If I were an atheist for myself, I would still pray that there may be a heaven for the poor. Without another world, who can solve the riddle of the disparities of this T—LYTTOM.

Do you hear them wailing? still, still they cry:
'O we are weary, and we long to die!'
And evermore they say with bated breath:
'Thou art our sole, our truest friend, white Death!'
O God, we pray Thee, lift from them Thy rod;
And haste to help the poor, O God, the only God!

Their feet are weary of the roads of life,
Their cup runs o'er with turmoil and with strife;
They wait for the helper who cometh not,
And with patience they bear their bitter lot,
Shut out from the light, oppressed and down-trod;
Make haste, O God, to help the poor, make haste,
O God!

They know not poesy's delightful balm,
For them the sage, the painter, hath no charm;
They scarce know love, that sweetest thing and best;
How shall men love when hunger is their guest?
How shall those love whose feet stand on the grave?
Make speed, O God, to save Thy poor, make speed to save!

In waste and luxury the rich do vie; And in their hearts o'ergorged satiety, 'Is there no sweet sin yet unfound?' they cry; While pray the poor: 'Give, give, or we shall die! O what care the rich how the poor do rave? But Thou, O God, be pitiful, and speed to save!

In darkness thus they err; the rich know not,
Can never know the poor man's cruel lot;
They know not, they nor wish nor care to know,
His suffering, and weariness, and woe;
They dream not what their fellow-men endure;
But Thou who knowest all, O save Thy bleeding
poor!

Alsa! they sow, yet reap not the fair meat, They strive and toil throughout the day's long heat, Yet gain no rest at last, no respite sweet, Until stern death hath bound their bleeding feet; Ah, who shall tell what sorrows they endure?
Thou knowest all, O God; make speed to save
Thy poor!

Of Lazarus and Dives have ye heard?
Or do ye ever think upon Christ's word:
'How hardly shall the rich see God:' This earth
Is their's; the poor shall know the brighter birth;
Yet, we beseech of Thee, spare now Thy rod,
And e'en on earth give them Thy peace, O God,
our God!

'SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP.'

From Maturin.

Sleep, lady, sleep!
O lady, sleep, O sleep, O sleep,
Beautiful highborn take thy rest;
The maiden moon her watch doth keep,
And the bird has gone to its nest;
Sleep, lady, sleep!
Black Night has spread his sable pall,
But Mother Mary guards o'er all,
Sleep, lady, sleep!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
Take thy rest, take thy golden rest;
Take thy calm and gentle repose,
Till the sun has crossed from the west,
Till the breath of the morning blows;
Sleep, lady, sleep!
The stars are bright, the night is still,
Sleep, lady, sleep, and fear no ill;
Sleep, lady, sleep!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
Strong and well guarded are thy towers,
Five hundred knights wait on thy call;
No foe lurks nigh, no dark cloud lowers,
And faithful vassals crowd thy hall;
Sleep, lady, sleep!
Take, take thy rest without alarm,
Sleep, fair one, sleep, and fear no harm;
Sleep, lady, sleep!

'I cannot sleep!'
From out of her curtain, she said;
'Though strong my knights, my vassals true,
Though maids keep watch around my bed,
The foe hath come and pierced me through;

I cannot sleep!'
'What is that foe?' I asked, and wept;
'That foe is love,' she said, then slept;
Slept love's light sleep!

TO MY HEART.

O heart of mine,
Beat not so wildly;
O heart of mine, O heart of mine,
Though not a heart keeps time with thine,

Yet, heart of mine
Beat not so wildly!
What though this world
Be most unkind,
What though true love
Be hard to find,
What though there be
For us no peace,
What though high woe
Knows not surcease;
Be calm, my heart,
And learn to bear,
With callous part
Life's weary care.

O heart of mine, O heart of mine, Though none keeps unity with thine,

Yet, heart of mine,
Beat not so wildly!
For thou art young,
And strong as yet;
Then bid adieu
To vain regret;
O heart, be strong,
Be strong to bear,
For life is long,
And life is care;
O heart, be strong,

Be strong to wait;
Earth's joys are rare,
And stern is fate.
O heart of mine, O heart of mine,

Though none keeps unity with thine,
Yet, heart of mine,

Beat not so wildly!

Be calm my heart,

Beat not so fast;

Dear heart, be calm,

Death comes at last;

And death is rest,

And doth disarm

Care's hand unblest

Of all its harm;

And death shall part

Us from the past;

Be calm, O heart,

Beat not so fast!

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Sweet friend, I think I love you best Of all the friends I know; But time and strife, my love will test, And all its fulness show. Forgive me, if I sometimes fear, (True love will fearful be,)
That I am not to you as dear,
As you are dear to me.

And oft these fears uprise with force, That Hope can not repress; Perhaps it may be that their source, Is too fine tenderness.

O should these fears forbode the truth, These doubtings be confirmed, O should my faith be nipped in youth, My love be unreturned;

I do not think that I should long Survive the cruel blow; With tears you say my fears are wrong; O may time prove them so!

Robbed of a loved one, 'mid life's throng Lonely and sad we go; Despair is weak if hope be strong; And death should seem no foe.

FATA OBSTANT!

Shall souls that pant
For glory and undying fame
Sink in the effort to attain?
Fata Obstant!

Shall they who plant
Their steps upon the troubled main,
Perish ere yet the share they gain?
Fata Obstant!

Shall the gallant,
Whom morn brings to the battle plain
At eve be numbered with the slain?
Fata Obstant!

Shall love enchant
Us with her golden fairy chain
To link us unto lust and pain?
Fata Obstant!

THE LOT OF GENIUS.

The lot of genius is a bitter lot. Pining for-ever after what is not, Seeking for-ever what has ne'er been found. In this cold world where nought but woes abound: Seeking for love that should disarm all hate, And render life a bright and blessèd state: Longing to meet some being fair, replete With all that can enchant and make life sweet; Who shall possess all power to charm and please, To set the soul at rest, the heart at ease; To lighten earth's dark ways with lamps of love, And guide to those bright things that are above; Seeking, in short, for what they ne'er could find, A woman who should know the poet's mind. Seeking for sympathy where there is none, For many faithful friends—scarce finding one; Striving to reap the rich rewards of fame, To make a great and everlasting name; To rouse man's heart, to bid his passions rise, To dry his tears, and teach him to be wise; And this the end!—by malice to be stung; To hear the herd mock at the songs they sung, To feel the sting of envy's poisoned dart, To suffer oft ingratitude's deep smart; Scorned and neglected while they yet have breath, Honoured, and wailed, and loudly praised in death. Behold a Byron! gifted, great, and wise, Yet stung by taunts of men the gods despise; Behold him madly weeping o'er the lyre, That fanned all noble spirits into fire, Weeping-because some envious mocked his strain; Praise gave no peace to him, yet scorn gave pain.

Behold him, cast by persecution's hand, Far from his home, his friends, and fatherland; O listen to his broken-hearted wail. That sweeps across the sea on every gale; In a strange land he spent life's weary day, Then passed his poet soul in pain away. And O behold pale Shelley! in whose songs We oft perceive dark traces of the wrongs That he did suffer; he, too, left the land, For none therein his soul could understand; And dreaming of those things which cannot die, Of love, and hope, and immortality, He found a cold, albeit peaceful grave, Making no effort his sad life to save. What need to save himself? he feared not death. And hated this poor life of weary breath. And think ye on young Keats! the true, the sweet, Humbled, laid low at jealous hatred's feet; Then sinking in a lone, yet hallowed grave, Deeming his name was writ upon the wave. And think on her, the tender L.E.L.! Gentler and sweeter than all words can tell; Behold her soothing her sad soul to sleep, With sadder songs, which when we read we weep. And she too crossed the seas! to England's shame, These last-named children four, of love and fame, All sought the refuge foreign shores could lend, And each did meet a sad and tragic end. O strange, O wondrous strange was that hard fate, Which destined four such souls to such estate! Alas, alas! not oft can genius find, Pleasure, or joy of heart, or peace of mind, Upon the dark, unhallowed plains of earth; For genius hath a separate life and birth From other things; and they that hold this prize, Are aye despised by those themselves despise.

And genius to her children is not kind. She doth not shield them from the bitter wind: Her sons are scorned, and driven from the land. Yet she withholdeth still th' avenging hand: Yea, oft herself, in wait for them doth lie, So that their 'only refuge is to die.' See Chatterton, the boy, the suicide! O genius, see'st thou how thy son hath died? Behold the love-forsaken bard of Spain— Immortal Camoens, he lived in pain, And penury, and then when he was dead They rose to twine fame's garland round his head, And with high glory covered they the grave, Of him, whose life they would not deign to save. And even thou, O jewel the most bright In crown of genius,—O thou lord of night, Shakspeare—thou source and fountain of all song. To whom all power of genius did belong, And from whose sacred and far scattered seed We still do reap bright flowers, e'en thou, sore need Did'st feel; nor ever gained in life the fame. That since has been bestowed upon thy name! And while the hearts of such as Byron bled, And while such men as Johnson lacked for bread. And while Don Quixote's author pined in chains, The common herd were hoarding up their gains. When Thomson's tears of hopeless love were shed. When Sterne lay friendless on his dying bed; When Addison was deep in need, ere yet With Warwick's noble heiress he had met; When Steele was penniless; when Goldsmith tried Each way by which starvation is defied, And failed in each, till all his strength was gone,-Still, still the world, the callous world rolled on! And whilst slain genius from the earth did pass, Still grovelled, revelled on, the outer mass;

Yes, still the world rolled on! and still the herd In darkness groped, by genius all unstirred; Still they did feast, whilst genius kept long fast, Still they were sheltered from each storm and blast! Not here to speak of what in our own time, The brotherhood of genius, and of rhyme Have suffered, and still suffer; not to speak Of all the vengeance, hate and envy wreak; Of all who have not strength fate's tide to stem. Nor faith to use what nature gave to them; Of all whom poverty, and lack of love, And destiny 'gainst which in vain they strove, Have blighted in their first and glowing bloom, Have seared their hearts, and laid them in the tomb. O genius! too susceptible thou art, In life's realities to take a part: And far too sensitive of love, and woe. One happy hour of tranquil peace to know! But though in part thy pain is nature's fault, Man too, against thy peace hath made assault; Genius hath been neglected, grant the fact In the dim past; but will the future act As hath the past? Ah, I do fear it will. For earth is earth, and genius genius still; The form of man and genius cannot change, Still is the one unto the other strange. Then let us own, and who alas! will not? The lot of genius is a bitter lot!

SEVEN SONNETS TO ——.

T.

I may forget the woes of life,
And trembling childhood's ceaseless fears,
And boyhood's years with trouble rife,
And passioned youth's remorseless strife,
And silent sorrow's flowing tears,
And by-gone cares which rend in twain
Hopes that no more may meet again;
I may forget the restless woe,
The strife, the agony, the pain,
That hearts like mine are sure to know;
I may forget my friend, my foe,
But certes I shall ne'er forget
The day—the hour—when first we met,
When first our hearts together beat.

II.

Right well I know and love thy charms, And e'en when Absence spreads his pall, Fancy their sweetness will recall; Fair rounded limbs, and pearly arms, Eyes ever shining, clear, and bright, Whose fire could make e'en coldness warm. O, Clothed with everlasting light, O, fair and starry Luciform; Tongue which never spake save sweetly, Heart which never beat save purely, Eyes where beauty shines repletely, Breast where virtue reigns securely; O, life most sweet, most sanctified, Devoid of strife, and free from pride!

III.

Thy lamp for ever burns serene,
And spreads afar its spotless sheen;
Thine armour is thy sinlessness,
Thy strength lies in thy power to bless;
And thou art armed with Beauty's rays;
Yea, lady, with the peerless mien,
My heart hath quailed before thy gaze,
And spent its power in hopeless sighs.
I see thy thoughts, and search them through,
For they are writ within thine eyes;
Yea, through thine eyes so clear and blue,
I see thy soul, that it is true!
Spirits like thine, so pure and mild,
Would rather die than be defiled.

IV.

O happy flower upon her breast,
To sooth its throb and hear its beat;
O happy earth, 'gainst which is pressed
The fairy tread of her young feet!
O happy ground, her weight to bear,
O happy heaven to hear her prayer,
And stoop to answer one so fair!
O happy are the waves of light
That float and wing around her head;
O, happy Darkness, king of night,
Who, blissful vigil round her bed,
In company of angels, keeps!
O happy moon, thy light to shed
Upon the couch where Beauty sleeps!

V

Could we, poor men, recall the past, And live our lives again, We might avoid the bitter blast
Of care and woe and pain;
Might bind Truth's colours to the mast,
And let them there remain!
Or could remorse, or could regret,
Do something more than merely fret;
Could they but wash away each stain
In Lethe's sluggish stream,
Or make us dream some idle dream,
Or teach us to forget,
O, then were left a little hope
To guide us through life's dreary grope!

VI.

Sorrows spring where folly's sown; We must reap whate'er we sow, Pain, or joy, or bliss, or woe; The choice is all our own. But this ne'er renders less The load of bitterness; Yea, self-caused strife and care Are harder far to bear Than chance, though fell distress! Bitter are the secret sighs That within the heart arise, At cold Regret's assault; And none can sympathise When 'tis oneself at fault.

VII.

Should joy be mingled with distress—Pleasure be damped by care and woe? Should sweets be marred by bitterness, Or weeds amongst the flowerets grow? And should my life be mixed with thine? And should thy fate be one with mine?

Ah, self would fain make answer 'Yes,' But love, true love, makes answer 'No.' My heart can ne'er, like thine, be pure—Can never be from sin secure; Then be thou aye what now thou art, I would not drag thee from thy heaven, Nor make thy perfectness of heart Of my unsanctity the leaven.

DUSK.

The world of care has gone to bed,
The sun has ceased his light to shed,
But lovers eyes shine forth instead;
It is the sweetest, softest hour,—
The hour that poets love,
For then they yield to Cupid's power,
And dally in the loved one's bower,
Or wander in her grove.
It is the hour that speaks in sighs,
The hour of soft and low replies;
The hour when every heart may know
Surcease from toil, and care, and woe;
When amorous touch, and tender kiss,

Teach us exuberance of bliss.

O WHAT WILL IT BRING UNTO ME?

Fast, faster yet, retreats the spring; The glowing summer soon shall be, And change on change with it 'twill bring; O what will it bring unto me?

To some it will bring gifts of love, And a golden goblet of glee, And joys as pure as the stars above; I would it brought these unto me!

'Twill unite O many a breast, Place babes on the mother's fond knee; And some it will call to their rest; But what will it bring unto me?

To some 'twill bring pleasure and peace, And some from life's woe it will free, To some it will bring care-surcease; But what will it bring unto me?

To some it will bring weary care, Drear longings no longer to be, And a desolate dark despair; O if it bring these unto me!

And some it will cover with fame, With laurels from glory's proud tree: And some it will burden with shame; O will it bring either to me?

The summer fast succeeds the spring, And O what, O what unto me, Shall the summer that cometh bring? And, reader, O what unto thee?

TO HER BLUE EYES!

To her blue eyes, to her blue eyes, I owe an untold debt, Which though my life can ne'er repay, My heart can ne'er forget.

Twas her blue eyes, 'twas her blue eyes, That pierced my very heart, And read my thoughts, and bade from thence, All grief and care depart.

And in her eyes, her fair blue eyes, Best lessons I can read, Of patient hope and steadfast faith, Pure thought and holy deed.

And from her eyes, her clear blue eyes, Shines there a placid ray, Which cheers my soul, and sanctifies My lone and weary way.

And to her eyes, her clear blue eyes, These lines I consecrate, Because within those love-lit eyes, Is writ my life, my fate.

MABEL.

O Mabel, young Mabel, sweet Mabel, With her bright and laughing eye; She wonders, and wonders, and wonders, Why I should look grave and sigh. And Mabel, young Mabel, gay Mabel, She is so happy and glad, She wonders, and wonders, and wonders, That anyone should be sad.

But as yet darling Mabel is young, And she cannot understand, That care, and time, and knowledge of life, For-ever go hand in hand.

But alas, even Mabel shall know, As o'er her gather the years, That with them they bring a load of woe, Which falleth in bitter tears.

Then laugh while you can, young Mabel, And be merry now, dear May; For the years, and happiness with them, Are swiftly passing away.

LINES.

(To A. P. H. D---n.)

Though far away upon the deep, Your image still we fondly keep, To friendship and to love aye true: Then never think of us and weep, Though often we may weep for you.

And when the winds are wild and high, Upward we turn an earnest eye, Thinking with many fears of you: Then never heave a doubting sigh, Deeming us heedless or untrue. And when the sea is calm and kind, Or rough the waves, or fierce the wind, When hopes are high, or joys are few, O then recall us to your mind, As we are oft recalling you.

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH.

Death had long followed at her side; He wooed her; she became his bride; Sweetly she lived and sweetly died. Around her bier they weeping stand, They kiss her cheek, they clasp her hand; She had been dear to them in life;—

O, let them weep!
weir stay 'mid weary strife

And was their stay 'mid weary strife;—
So let them weep!

O, would that their tears could recall her breath; Serenely fair,

She lieth there;

Beloved in life, yet more beloved in death.

And though her heart has ceased to beat,
Her lips fond accents to repeat,
Yet still her smile is soft and sweet;
Her forehead still is lily white,
And clothed with everlasting light.
But ah! those lips to speak shall cease,—
They may not move;

No more those eyes shall beam with peace, Nor burn with love.

Around her brow, and in her hair, a wreath
Is lightly twined;

She sleeps resigned;

Lovely in life, and lovely more, in death.

BUT LOVE FOR ITS OWN DEAR SAKE.

I love day because it brings night,
I love night because it brings day,
And darkness because it brings light,
And light 'cause it fadeth away;
The rose for its sweetness is dear,
And wine for the bliss it can wake;
I love hope because it doth cheer;
But love for its own dear sake!

I love youth because it is bright,
And indulgeth in wanton dreams,
Because it can relish delight,
And can drink from love's flowing streams;
I love manhood's maturer walk,
Because the whole life is at stake,
And because e'en fate it can balk;
But love for its own dear sake!

I love Mary for her dark eyes,
And young Edith for her gold hair,
And Alice because she can rise,
And prove that her spirit is fair,
And dark Reta for her white arms,
And Ruth since my heart she could break;
Yes, woman I love for her charms,
But love for its own dear sake!

I love men because they are great, And genius because it is good, And fights 'gainst the world and 'gainst fate, And glories in being withstood; I love music when it is true, When the better soul it can wake; I love joys because they are few, But love for its own dear sake!

O, yes, I do love thee, sweet love,
Thou fountain of all caresses,
Thou child of the heavens above,
Thou giver of all that blesses,
Thou healer of all distresses,
Thou balm of all care and heartache,
O source of all blessednesses,
I love thee for thy own sake!

FOR HER DEAR SAKE.

For her dear sake, Fire and wave, Death and the grave, All would I brave; Or be a slave, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, Would ever quell All empty pride; Break passion's spell, Or stem lust's tide, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, I would forego The world's vain toys; Would cease to know Life's aimless joys, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake,
I would forgive,
And quench all hate;
Nor longer live
At war with fate,
For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, Could break the force Of passion's stream; Shape right my course, And cease to dream, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, Rightly aspire To deeds of truth; And quench the fire Of burning youth, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, Would seek to prove Each worthy state; Would learn to love, Labour, and wait, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, Would gladly die Most cruel death; Take tear and sigh, Give joyous breath, For love's dear sake.

For her dear sake, On earth, O, what Could I refuse? What suffer not, What joy not lose, For love's dear sake?

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

A weary wanderer through the earth, Little care I, for scenes of mirth, As through the world's wide waste I rove, The only thing I seek is love.

I curse my life,—distrust my fate,— Some women, and most men, I hate; Avoiding those 'mongst whom I move, One thing I court, and that one love.

I doubt the dogmas of mankind, To wisdom's charms, my eyes are blind; One thing alone I seek to prove:— The peace and blessedness of love.

To false excitement I ne'er fly; My luck at play I rarely try; I envy nought—below—above, Only too blest, if I find love. Throughout the earth, in every land, Love and old time go hand in hand; Since first with man God's spirit strove, The one thing needful hath been love.

A BROKEN SPELL.

Farewell, my love; My love, farewell, Flown is the dove, Broken the spell. Other arms will press you, Around your waist will twine, Other hearts will bless you, Other lips caress you, But none so true as mine. Other ears will listen, When-e'er your accents flow; Other eyes shall glisten, And other hearts shall glow. And other dupes will kneel, Where I before have knelt. And other brains will feel, The whirl that mine has felt. Others will sow love's seed, Regret and pain to reap, And other wounds will bleed. And other eyes will weep. And other tongues will say, Such words as I have said; And other lips will pray, The prayers that I have prayed; And other breasts will pay,

The price that mine has paid. And other hearts will break, And other bosoms ache, And other spells be broken; And other souls shall wake

From their golden dream,
That so bright did seem,
With hate for their sole token.
But now my day is past;
The vision wholly o'er;
And the charm so cherished,
For ever hath perished;
And the chain rent at last,
To be joined never more!

Then fare thee well, Thou once dear love; I break the spell, I chain the dove!

WHEN WE ARE DEAD.

'Tis sweet to feel that when we are dead,
A few will o'er us weep;
And that when the spirit hence hath fled,
Our memory some will keep;
That after the lapse of many years,
They still will not forget,
But oft-times own 'mid falling tears:
'We love, we love him yet!'

And when night is hastening on to dawn,
When stars their pale light shed,
When the evening curtains close are drawn,
The children gone to bed,—

O, then will memory fondly stray,
To scenes that long have fled;
And some true tender voice will say:
'I would he were not dead!'

And oft, perchance, they will thus repeat,
The once familiar name;
Blending it aye with an action sweet,
And pausing not to blame;
Will say: 'He was weary oft of life;
Love raged within his breast;
And as his love, so great his strife;
But now he is at rest!'

REALITIES AND SHADOWS.

Oft I have prayed for life and light,
With all my heart and will;
And yet the darkest shades of night,
Are gathered round me still.

I cannot rightly read my heart; Nor can I comprehend Why wearied out before I start, I dread life's journey's end.

At times my passions wildly beat,
And eager is my heart;
But weeds soon spring around my feet,
And pleasures all depart.

At times I love with warmest love, At times, again, I hate; Sometimes I doubt my destiny, Sometimes I trust to fate.

Sometimes my heart is filled with hope;
My way seems smooth and clear;
Anon in trackless wastes I grope,
Where all feels cold and drear.

At times I vow no idle dream
My peace shall more disturb,
That passion's fierce, unswerving stream
Henceforward I will curb.

But when the highest my resolve,
Then oftenest I fall;
And when most luscious seems the cup,
'Tis bitterest of all.

When striving most, I most go wrong;
I find when least I seek;
And when my heart feels firm and strong,
'Tis then it is most weak.

WHY DO I WEEP?

Why do I weep, why do I weep?
O ask me not again,
That question fraught with pain!
Let me be still; 'tis good to weep!
And I no more could tell
You why, than I could quell
The tears before they creep,
Or break stern passion's spell;
Ah, yes, as little could I tell!

Once more, dear friend, you ask:—Why weep?
Why do I weep forsooth!
Can I forget my youth
Its madness and its folly deep?
Will time remove each blot?
Is love, tho' lost, forgot?
Will pain be lulled to sleep?
Alas, I know 'twill not!
Then let me weep—O let me weep!

A MAN'S ANSWER

TO

' A WOMAN'S QUESTION,' BY MISS A. A. PROCTER.

Come, dearest, sit upon my knee,
And place thy hand in mine,
And I will search my heart for thee,
As thou hast searched thine;
And be it false or be it leal, the whole, whole truth
I will reveal.

You ask me: Do I love you more
Than all things else that be?
That I both worship and adore,
O surely you can see;
For this my looks, my acts betray, and speak as
plain as words could say.

Darling, believe me, I can lay
My hand upon my heart,
And from that heart can truly say,
Without one pang or smart,
That thou to me art far more dear, than any other
far or near.

Can you really make me happy?

Next you slyly ask;

Dearest, be sure that it will be

A very easy task;

Your presence is enough to make, all joy that is

within me wake.

Have I, you ask, no other tie
To keep my heart from you?
O, do you doubt of my reply,
Or deem I am untrue?
Ah no, you only ask I see, well knowing your own victory.

But ne'ertheless, I freely own,
My follies are not few;
That which I should not I have done,
And left what I should do;
But aye to one I have been true, and that one is—
ah, you know who!

And I have uttered many things,
Far better left unsaid;
The very thought of which oft brings,
Sorrows unnumbered,
And memories of things long fled, which should
for my heart's peace be dead.

And doubtless I have often formed,
Opinions incorrect;
And doubtless too my heart has warmed,
With passions left uncheckt;
But O, howe'er my mind has ranged, it hath
toward one been aye unchanged.

And doubtless I have often loved,
And sworn to love no more;
But O, my heart to night hath proved,
I never loved before;
Then take my heart, O take it dear, without one single doubt or fear.

Yes, I have searched my heart to night,
And could'st thou search it too,
I think that thou would'st deem it right,
And firm, and fond, and true;
And own thou wert as much to me, and more, if
aught, than I to thee.

NATURE'S POETS.

Yon bird of spring,
Of love and nature sings;
Shall poets sing
Of lower, meaner things?

O, that young bird, Its songs are gay and glad As ear e'er heard; Wherefore are our songs sad?

And O, its song
Is so all pure and sweet,
That howe'er long,
Or oft, it did repeat,

We ne'er should tire, For it springs from the heart,

And its desire; From whence do our songs start?

O oft, I fear,
From Passion's throls and throes,
From their hot sear,
And from our own poor woes.

Thus have we erred;
Nor equal we the plaint,
Of that young bird,
Who sings without restraint.

LINES TO ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., POET LAUREATE.

O sweetest poet of our evil days, O great and master Spirit who has sung, So many tear-stained songs and love-drawn lays, Until the glad and wakened world has rung, With thy dear fame and everlasting praise; Whose songs, so sweet so sad, so sad so sweet, Have made our spirits with thine own to meet, Have spread white blossom o'er our weary ways, And lightened earth's hard roads to our young feet;-O that I had some tribute meet to bring, Which should be worthy to be brought to thee, And worthy of the songs that thou dost sing; O that I had some laurels, sweet as spring, Some glowing garlands plucked from glory's tree, Around thy feet, thy guiding feet to fling, Or bind therewith thy brow; but not to me

Remains this bliss, save but in fancy's dreams. O. I have drunk from thy clear crystal streams Of poesy, and faith, and burning love, Until my spirit hath been raised above This earth, which then so mediocre seems. O. I have known all Mariana's fears. And I have felt all Elaine's bitter woe; And I have shed those autumn 'idle tears,' And knew not why such soft sad tears should flow. And I have prayed that sweet yet love-lorn prayer, Which thou did'st teach my early youth to cry, And evermore I pour it on the air:-'O love, if death be sweeter, let me die!' O is death sweeter? can cold death be sweet? I know not, care not; yet we press to meet, His pallid train on passion's swiftest feet. And oft I wander by the babbling brook, That 'floweth on forever,' and I look With tears upon its smiles, and on its face, All kissed by red sun-beams, and crystal clear, My fancy sometimes deems that it can trace, Sweet songs of thine, that long I have held dear; And in its murmurs I do think I hear Soft rhymes that long have echoed in my ear. And I have wandered by the wailing sea, Which on its rocky shore doth 'Break, break, break;' And it hath seemed all desolate to me, Since never more that hand shall clasped be, Since ever more that voice is dead to thee, Which once was wont thy lyre and love to wake. And I have knelt and wept beneath the shade Of Locksley Hall; in all its scenes have played; And from her cheek, from my dark cousin's cheek, I, too, have seen the light and colour fade; And I have bidden her white lips to speak,

To speak and tell me what she yearned for; Did she love me with a love even weak? Ah no. no! 'Love is love forever more!' But now enough; all words that I can say, All praises I can give, are void and vain; Yea, vain as some soft April shower of rain, That falls with cadence on the window pane. No single trace of which there doth remain In one short hour,—unless it be a stain. Know this: I love thy songs; they can allay My weariness of heart, and sooth my pain; My very passions their sweet force can stay, And they can drive all base desires away. And, as in passioned voice, I oft repeat Thy strains, I say: O His songs are so sweet, I know not how my lips shall sing again.

DEATH.

She is dead! To die; is it to rest? Is it no longer to be opprest? Is it from care and sorrow to cease? Is it forgetfulness, is it peace? Is it sweet repose from life's long woe? O God, O my God, that it were so!

Death! is it merely to cease to be, Merely from bonds of life to be free? Is it a vague and half-sweet regret, Or a state wherein we shall forget Pleasure or sorrow, and friend or foe? Ah God, ah my God, that it were so! Is it a soft and a gentle sleep,
In the which we ne'er again shall weep;
A light sleep and a warm in the earth,
Wherein all bright living things have birth;
A sleep below where the flowerets grow?
O God, O my God, that it were so!

Is it a painless state and thoughtless, Or a dreamy sense of loveliness? Is it a golden vision and bright? Is it dark darkness, is it delight, And soft rapture? Ah, how should I know? O my God, I would that it were so!

Shall we be happy or sweetly sad? Shall we feel weary, or sick, or glad? Shall we on pinions mount high above? Shall we see those to whom we gave love, When we dwelt in the land of the low? O my God, I would that it were so!

Shall we be conscious that God doth live, That He hath given and still can give? Shall we see Holy Spirit and Son? Shall we know there are Three, yet but One? Fruit of life—of His death—shall we know? Yes, we shall, O my soul, even so!

LIFE'S DARK HOUR.

O when the end of time shall come, When love no more delights the soul, When life's enchanting race is run, And death remains the only goal; When every hope youth entertains, Has fled on fickle wings away; When nothing sweet in life remains, And even reason knows decay;

When all we held most true and dear To us for evermore is dead; When all the leaves of love are sear, And all our dreams of fame are fled;

When passion's pulse has ceased to beat, And when the heart of hearts is cold; When life has lost the pure, the sweet, And all its beads of bliss are told;

O what in that lone hour is left, And where shall peace or rest be found? When life is thus of all bereft, Shall life revive beneath the ground?

HAPPINESS!

O, Happiness, thou fickle thing,
The wooed of all, the gained of none,
Goddess, whose charms men love to sing,
Thy favour though they ne'er have won,
O, tell and swiftly tell to me
Both where and when I may find thee!
I found thee not in childhood's years,
For then my heart was filled with fears;
I found thee not in boyhood's days,
For restless longings gnawed my heart,—
Longings to tread in manhood's ways,
And in life's strife to take some part.

And O, e'en then I found thee not; Witness, ye weary days and nights, Witness, ye tears with passion hot, Witness, ye fears not soon forgot, Witness, ye heartaches and soul-fights, That I long sought yet found thee not; Ye saw the woe of manhood's lot, Ye heard its sorrow-speaking sighs, Which sighed for love, and sighed for fame; Which breathed, while spake with tears the eyes. Ah, breathed in anguish one loved name-That one loved name, which name alone, Tells a long tale of doubt and woe; Speaks of a love the heart hath known. And yet hath longed it did not know! Yea and perhaps—ah, who can tell? Hath lost its power again to love, Hath lost the will to live life well, And lost all faith in worlds above, Because it once hath been betraved, And blighted in its early glow. Ah Love, ah false Love, thou hast made More woe on earth than thou can'st know! And oft, O oft to love in vain, Is ne'er to love or trust again! Ah Happiness, ah Love, I fear That ye have leagued to rob our hearts Of all those things held true and dear, To take from life its sweetest parts! For Love, which seemeth the most bright Of many seemingly bright things, Its captives plungeth into night, And on their hearts sad sickness brings; Yea, all Love's rapture and delight, Flieth away on fickle wings.

And if in Love we cannot find The joys with which should life abound, The rest of soul, the peace of mind, Where shall such longed-for sweets be found? With them that are by Nature blest With Beauty's charm, do these abide? Do they know happiness and rest, For truer joys have they ne'er sighed? Alas, oft these are sad above All word or thought, though they be fair; And the seeds of Beauty and Love Oft the fruits of bitterness bear! And certes not with Genius lies The God-like gift of Happiness; It holds not, though it gives the prize. It is not blest, though it doth bless: Its children but know joy by name; Their thoughts upon themselves do prey, And longings which should feed on Fame. Feed on, and gnaw their hearts away. And not where Riches rear their heads, And not where Pride grows yet more proud, And not where Youth with passion weds, And not in Fashion's callous crowd. And not when Lust with Beauty blends, Nor yet where wreaths of Fame abound. Where Rank to life a pageant lends, Can perfect Happiness be found! Denied to these, who hath it then— This royal lute without a rift? Alas, I fear, among all men Not one there is who hath the gift! In Heaven's holy gates, no doubt, Exists this pure and perfect rest; And they who are not shut without

May with true Happiness be blest! And There all things are good and pure; Which fact, perhaps, should teach us this: That Virtue will all joy ensure, That Goodness is the same as bliss!

TO THE READER,

Farewell, dear reader; you and I
Must now for-ever part;
May sorrow's tears ne'er dim your eye,
Nor cares o'er-cloud your heart!

Not long together we have spent, Yet if my songs you've read, Surely our spirits once have blent, Our hearts have surely wed!

And this unites your fate with mine In some remote degree; But may joy's lamp on you yet shine When all is dark to me.

Farewell, dear reader; untoward Fates
Call me from the Ideal,—
Close on me Fancy's pearly gates,
And drag me to the Real!

Farewell! and may you ever know God's blessèd peace and rest; My peace on you I would bestow, If I with peace were blest!

THE END.

NOTE TO S. MARY MAGDALENE.

Many disputes have arisen, from time to time, respecting the identity and the attributes of S. Mary Magdalene; the author will not, however, weary the reader by entering into them here; but merely state that, in the poem which lends a title to this volume, he has recognised the somewhat doubtful identity of Mary Magdalene, 'out of whom Jesus cast seven devils,' with Mary of Bethany, and 'the woman who was a sinner.' In support of this work he need only mention the names of

church as S. Clement and S. G: tance. The incidents of this poem, have been taken from the of the many legends respectin incidents, and so beautiful is th a worthy subject for a poem t spirit exalted enough to und Magdalene; and who could en nately is not qualified to do. such a subject should undoubte far as he is aware, of any suc tured to offer to the public 1 words, of a life which is alrea does, that he and his imperfecti interest, and, perhaps fin the known, save as being thumbe the church) the exceeding nov

anachronisms in sentiment, &c.

interest, and, perhaps (in the known, save as being thumbe the church) the exceeding nover the poem may be read separately without any fear of its being unintelligible. Due allowance must, of course, be made for

-matterer

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